

Price, 50 Cents

An Entertainment in Two Acts

# THE CHARITY BAZAAR

By

MRS. HARRIET A. McCABE

CHICAGO  
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

BRADLEY DES.

# Hageman's Make-Up Book

By MAURICE HAGEMAN

Price, 25 cents

The importance of an effective make-up is becoming more apparent to the professional actor every year, but hitherto there has been no book on the subject describing the modern methods and at the same time covering all branches of the art. This want has now been filled. Mr. Hageman has had an experience of twenty years as actor and stage-manager, and his well-known literary ability has enabled him to put the knowledge so gained into shape to be of use to others. The book is an encyclopedia of the art of making up. Every branch of the subject is exhaustively treated, and few questions can be asked by professional or amateur that cannot be answered by this admirable hand-book. It is not only the best make-up book ever published, but it is not likely to be superseded by any other. It is absolutely indispensable to every ambitious actor

## CONTENTS

Chapter I. General Remarks.

Chapter II. Grease-Paints, their origin, components and use.

Chapter III. The Make-up Box. Grease-Paints, Mirrors, Face Powder and Puff, Exora Cream, Rouge, Liquid Color, Grenadine, Blue for the Eyelids, Brilliantine for the Hair, Nose Putty, Wig Paste, Mascaro, Crape Hair, Spirit Gum, Scissors, Artists' Stomps, Cold Cream, Cocoa Butter, Recipes for Cold Cream.

Chapter IV. Preliminaries before Making up; the Straight Make-up and how to remove it.

Chapter V. Remarks to Ladies. Liquid Creams, Rouge, Lips, Eyebrows, Eyelashes, Character Roles, Jewelry, Removing Make-up.

Chapter VI. Juveniles. Straight Juvenile Make-up, Society Men, Young Men in Ill Health, with Red Wigs, Rococo Make-up, Hands, Wrists, Cheeks, etc.

Chapter VII. Adults, Middle Aged and Old Men. Ordinary Type of Manhood, Lining Colors, Wrinkles, Rouge, Sickly and Healthy Old Age, Ruddy Complexions.

Chapter VIII. Comedy and Character Make-ups. Comedy Effects, Wigs, Beards, Eyebrows, Noses, Lips, Pallor of Death.

Chapter IX. The Human Features. The Mouth and Lips, the Eyes and Eyelids, the Nose, the Chin, the Ear, the Teeth.

Chapter X. Other Exposed Parts of the Human Anatomy.

Chapter XI. Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, and Eyebrows. Choosing a Wig, Powdering the Hair, Dimensions for Wigs, Wig Bands, Bald Wigs, Ladies' Wigs, Beards on Wire, on Gauze, Crape Hair, Wool, Beards for Tramps, Moustaches, Eyebrows.

Chapter XII. Distinctive and Traditional Characteristics. North American Indians, New England Farmers, Hoosiers, Southerners, Politicians, Cowboys, Minors, Quakers, Tramps, Creoles, Mulattoes, Quadroons, Octoroons, Negroes, Soldiers during War, Soldiers during Peace, Scouts, Pathfinders, Puritans, Early Dutch Settlers, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, South Americans, Scandinavians, Germans, Hollanders, Hungarians, Gipsies, Russians, Turks, Arabs, Moors, Caffirs, Abyssinians, Hindoos, Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Clowns and Statuary, Hebrews, Drunkards, Lunatics, Idiots, Misers, Rogues.

Address Orders to

**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# THE CHARITY BAZAAR

AN ENTERTAINMENT IN TWO ACTS

By

MRS. HARRIET A. McCABE

COPYRIGHT 1916

By THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

PS 35  
117554

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the order of their first appearance)

PETER WERKITT.....the colored Janitor  
MRS. I. M. WRIGHT.....Chairman of Bazaar  
MRS. W. E. T. BLANQUET.....in charge of Domestic Booth  
MRS. KRAN BERRY.....in charge of Apron Booth  
MISS LOVEJOY.....in charge of Fancywork Booth  
MISS NERVETTE.....in charge of Candy Booth  
MRS. DUITALL.....in charge of Lemonade Booth  
MRS. PUSHINGTON.....in charge of Doll Booth  
JAMES .....Mrs. Pushington's chauffeur  
MRS. C. R. ITTICK.....deserving her name  
MISS RAY PORTER.....on the staff of the "Morning Tribald"  
MRS. FARTHINGTON.....an ambitious mother  
ARABELLA FARTHINGTON.....her daughter (age 16)  
MRS. LEIGHTON.....in charge of Christmas Novelty Booth  
RUTH LEIGHTON.....her daughter (age 16)  
BESSIE LEIGHTON.....her daughter (age 12)  
BOB.....Mrs. Leightons' chauffeur  
MRS. DE BUSSEY.....Mrs. Pushington's mother  
MR. PUSHINGTON.....Mrs. Pushington's husband  
MARY PUSHINGTON.....Mrs. Pushington's daughter (age 16)  
VIRGINIA PUSHINGTON.....Mrs. Pushington's daughter (age 10)  
MR. NEWCOMB WITHERSPOON.....the new minister  
MRS. NEWCOMB WITHERSPOON.....his wife  
MR. HIRAM HILLSBY.....from the rural district  
MRS. HIRAM HILLSBY.....his wife  
FORTUNE TELLER.....  
MR. LEIGHTON.....Mrs. Leighton's husband  
HELEN LEIGHTON } .....the Leighton twins (ages 6 or 8)  
JOSEPHINE LEIGHTON }  
DOROTHY.....the Leighton baby (a large doll)  
MINNA.....Dorothy's nurse  
CLOWN .....  
OTHER PATRONS OF THE BAZAAR, AD LIB.....

PLACE: A suburb of Chicago.

TIME: The Present.

ACT I. An evening in November.

ACT II. The morning after.

Produced in Evanston, Ill., by the Foster Players, under the direction of the author.

Produced at Hull House, Chicago, under the direction of Laura Dainty Pelham.

The acting rights of this play are reserved by the publishers, and written permission must be obtained before it can be performed. A royalty of \$5.00 is charged for each performance, payable in advance.

## DESCRIPTION OF STAGE

The stage is set to represent a bazaar. No scenery is required, as the framework for the booths can be built of cheap lumber. Seven booths should be built.

Build the counters of the booths about three feet from the floor, and cover the frames with green denim or cheesecloth, to which can be pinned tissue or crepe paper of the desired colors. Bright colors should be used. Many of the articles "for sale" can be made by covering boxes, cans, etc., of various shapes and sizes with different colored tissue paper and ribbons.

# THE CHARITY BAZAAR

## ACT I.

*All of the lights on the stage should be very dim. When the curtain rises PETER WERKITT is discovered on top of stepladder C, with hammer in hand, having just finished putting up the last of the decorations. He drops hammer.*

---

PETER. I believes I must a drapped somepin!

[*He descends from ladder and takes it off stage L, returning immediately. He puts two or three chairs which are out on stage in Lemonade Booth, and then picks up papers from floor, which he takes off stage R, returning immediately. During the above he whistles "Swanee River" and occasionally scratches his back with the hammer.*]

PETER. [*Surveying the scene with doubtful complacency.*] I nevah did see so much foolishness befo'! Nevah! Ets jest a lot a crazy foolishness. Yo' take it from me, dey ain't no sense at all in dis yahr paper fallutins. No, sah!

[*Enter MRS. WRIGHT, R, briskly, with arms full of bundles.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. Peter! Peter! Why are these lights not up? [*Goes to Lemonade Booth and puts bundles on table.*] Don't stand there like a statue, waving that hammer. Here, give it to me; I'll do the knocking. [*Takes hammer and puts it on table, then looks at her bracelet watch.*] It's nearly seven o'clock and no one here; what does it—

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Rises like a phantom from the Domestic Booth.*] I'm here—

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Very much surprised, turns suddenly.*] Oh, Mrs. Blanquet, I beg your pardon; it's so dark in here I didn't see you.

MRS. BERRY. [*Also rising phantom-like from the Apron Booth, with her arms full of aprons.*] Yes, and I'M here, too. I was here at six-thirty and not a soul in this room. [*Eying PETER severely.*] Not even the janitor.

PETER. Oh, I wuz here all right. Yo' jest didn't see me! I wuz in de cellah a shovelin' in dat—

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Interrupting.*] Never mind, Peter, where you were. Why don't you turn the lights up?

PETER. Yasum, yasum. Jest gimme time. I's—

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Peremptorily.*] What's the use of turning the lights up until the people get here? I'm sure we'll have enough to pay for without wasting anything on electricity.

PETER. [*Hesitates, looks at MRS. WRIGHT, then at MRS. BLANQUET, then to MRS. WRIGHT.*] Well, now, do you still want de lights up?

MRS. WRIGHT. Yes, Peter, I certainly do!

PETER. [*Turns away, suiting action to words.*] Simon says "thumbs up," Simon says "thumbs down."  
[*Goes to switch R and turns lights up.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. Perhaps when you see we haven't made expenses on this bazaar, you'll wish you'd been more economical.

MRS. BERRY. [*With a knowing nod.*] That's just what I say.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Holding her hands up deprecatingly.*] Oh, my dear ladies, I trust we will be able to place at least five hundred dollars to our credit in the bank. What more worthy cause than working for the "Benevolent Society for the Promulgation and Preservation of Discouraged Infants?"

MRS. BLANQUET. Well, if you come out with less than a hundred dollars in the hole, you may be thankful.

MRS. BERRY. That's exactly what I say.

[*Enter MISS LOVEJOY, R., staggering under the weight*



*of packages, followed by MISS NERVETTE, with one small package.]*

MISS LOVEJOY. I hope I'm not late, but Mrs. Leighton kept me waiting so long for her things.

MRS. BLANQUET. Just like her.

MRS. BERRY. Just what I say.

MISS NERVETTE. Well, why did you do it? Make her bring her own things, that's what I did. [*She holds up small paper package.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. They'd *never* get here if she did.

MRS. BERRY. That's just—

MISS NERVETTE. [*Interrupting.*] Please don't "*exactly* say."

[*MRS. WRIGHT, whose back has been turned, comes from Lemonade Booth, where she has been arranging tumblers on a tray, and assists MISS LOVEJOY with packages.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. Well, Miss Lovejoy, it is very kind of you to get the things here, and I thank you and Miss Nervette for your trouble.

MISS NERVETTE. Oh, I assure you it was no trouble at all. [*Retires to the Candy Booth, where she removes her wraps and arranges her hair.*] MISS LOVEJOY distributes her packages quietly to booths before taking off her wraps.]

MRS. DUITALL. [*Enters R., with large paper bag and a punch ladle.*] Isn't this a fine night? Here I am with the lemons. [*Holding up bag.*] I ordered eight dozen.

MRS. BERRY. You'll never need that many.

MRS. BLANQUET. Surely six dozen would be more than we could use.

MRS. WRIGHT. Well, never mind. We can return what we don't use. Just put them there [*Pointing to Lemonade Booth.*] in the booth.

MRS. PUSHINGTON. [*Enters, R., followed by JAMES. She carries nothing, while JAMES has an armload of bundles. Breathless.*] Follow me, James, and put everything just where I tell you. [*Fans herself.*] I

don't see why they don't have an elevator; those stairs took my breath away. Now, James, you stand here. [*Places him C. and takes packages from him.*] These are aprons for Mrs. Berry's booth. [*Hands package to MRS. BERRY.*]

MRS. BERRY. Well, I don't know where I'll put 'em. We have more'n we can sell now.

MRS. PUSHINGTON. [*Handing four packages to Miss NERVETTE.*] Candy for Miss Nervette.

MISS NERVETTE. Oh, some of your dandy home-made candy. No one can make it like you. [*Takes off lid and commences to eat.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. Watch out for that sweet tooth, Miss Nervette.

MRS. PUSHINGTON. [*Takes large box to Fancywork Booth, lifts lid and takes out a knit shawl.*] And here's the precious shawl I've been working on for six months! [*Holds it up for inspection.* MRS. WRIGHT, MISS LOVEJOY and MISS NERVETTE come forward and examine it.] No one dreams how many hours I've spent on this. It ought to bring at least twenty-five dollars. [*MRS. BLANQUET and MRS. BERRY go and look at shawl, over shoulders of Miss LOVEJOY and Miss NERVETTE.*]

MRS. WRIGHT.	} [ <i>Together</i> ]	{	It's perfectly lovely.
MISS LOVEJOY.			What lovely work!
MISS NERVETTE.			I wouldn't mind having it.

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Turning away in disgust.*] I think it's a waste of time.

MRS. BERRY. [*Same business.*] Just what I say.

[*Miss LOVEJOY and Miss NERVETTE drape shawl across front of Fancywork Booth, standing on chairs in order to put shawl where it can be seen. The other ladies return to their booths.*]

MRS. PUSHINGTON. And here are many things for Mrs. Leighton's booth. [*Turns to Christmas Booth.*] Why, where is she?

MRS. BERRY. Where is she? Where is she always? Late.

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Looking over her glasses.*] Never on time.

MRS. WRIGHT. Oh, she is coming soon, I'm sure.

MRS. BLANQUET. So is Christmas.

MRS. BERRY. And so is New Year's.

MRS. PUSHINGTON. [*Places packages on counter of Christmas Booth, and returns to JAMES, who has been standing like a statue,—takes basket from him.*] And here's some jelly for Mrs. Blanquet's booth, from Mrs. Witherspoon.

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Comes from her booth and takes basket. Takes out glass of jelly and holds it up to the light.*] Crabapple—I do hope it's stiff enough. Her jellies never are. [*Returns to her booth.*]

MRS. BERRY. She never uses enough sugar.

MISS NERVETTE. Some people never do.

MRS. PUSHINGTON. Come, now, James, and put the dolls here. [*Indicating Doll Booth.*] And, James, return to the house and bring mother and the girls here as soon as you can. [*JAMES starts to leave but returns when she calls to him.*] Oh, James! stop at the Five and Ten Cent Store and get a ball of cord, unless Mrs. Blanquet has some to spare. [*Picks up ball of cord at Domestic Booth.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. I don't expect to have any more than I shall use for my own booth.

MRS. PUSHINGTON. [*Puts cord back on counter of Domestic Booth.*] Very well! James, please stop, then, and get back as soon as you can. [*She hands him several empty baskets.*]

JAMES. Yessum.

[*Enter MRS. ITTICK, R., overdressed. JAMES starts to back out to exit R. and bumps into her.*]

MRS. ITTICK. [*Surveying JAMES with lorgnette.*] How very awkward. I might have been injured.

JAMES. Excuse me; I didn't see you. [*Exit R.*]

[*Enter PETER, L., carrying large box on his shoulder, and bumps into MRS. ITTICK.*]

MRS. ITTICK. I thought this was a bazaar; it's more like an express office.

PETER. Beg pahdon, Madam. Yo' didn't see me. [*Exit R.*]

[MISS LOVEJOY, *standing on chair in front of Doll Booth, is fixing garland of paper festoons. Lets go of it just in time for it to fall on* MRS. ITTICK.]

MRS. ITTICK. Heaven help us. This is worse than crossing State Street.

MISS LOVEJOY. Oh, please excuse me; I couldn't help it.

MISS NERVETTE. Step up, madam, hold on to the rope.

MRS. WRIGHT. Oh, Mrs. Ittick, do pardon the confusion.

MISS NERVETTE. She's more likely to confuse the pardons.

MRS. BLANQUET. Why don't people look where they're going?

MRS. BERRY. That's just what I say.

MRS. PUSHINGTON. [*Comes from Doll Booth and goes to* MRS. ITTICK.] Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. Ittick. Doesn't everything look beautiful?

MRS. ITTICK. [*Surveying the bazaar.*] Don't you think that the coloring is a—a—too vivid? It hurts my eyes. If you had kept the decorations in monotonous, don't you think the effect would have been more pleasing? [*All the ladies shrug shoulders and turn their backs.*]

MRS. PUSHINGTON. That depends on one's point of view, but you are not asked to buy the decorations. [*Takes* MRS. ITTICK'S *arm.*] Just come and see what lovely dolls we have. [*Both go to Doll Booth. MRS. PUSHINGTON picks up doll.*] Let me sell you this one. It's an imported doll from Paris. My sister brought it over specially for this bazaar. She paid fifteen francs for it there; it's really worth—

MRS. ITTICK. [*Interrupting.*] What did you say it cost?

MISS NERVETTE. [*Interrupting.*] Three dollars in American brogue.

MRS. PUSHINGTON. [*Paying no attention to the interruption.*] It's really worth much more; besides, having smuggled it, she didn't have to pay any duty. You can buy it now for eight dollars. Isn't that reasonable?

MRS. ITTICK. [*Examining doll.*] No, I should not call that reasonable. A knowledge of the price doesn't necessarily mean an understanding of the value. I'm sure I could purchase one just as good for two ninety-eight.

MRS. PUSHINGTON. Oh, but that would be an American doll.

MRS. ITTICK. Well, I'm an American, you're an American, everyone here is an American. Why not buy an American doll,—if it can save one five dollars?

MRS. PUSHINGTON. Evidently you believe in a protective tariff.

MRS. ITTICK. Be that as it may, I do believe in woman suffrage.

MRS. BLANQUET. Heaven knows we're suffering enough.

MISS LOVEJOY. [*With blue stocking bag in hand, approaches Mrs. Ittick.*] Now here is something that was made in America. No tariff. No protection. No suffrage. Just plain creton, at fifteen cents a yard, one and a half yards; you may have the bag for two dollars.

MRS. ITTICK. No, I don't care for a blue one; if it were a pink one I might take it; besides, I'm going to wait till everything is marked down before I buy anything.

MISS NERVETTE. Show her your *down* pillows.

MRS. ITTICK. I'm hunting for bargains.

MISS NERVETTE. This is no place to come, then.

MRS. ITTICK. I intend to wait till everything is reduced.

MISS LOVEJOY. Come, see what we have in the Fancy-work Booth.

[MRS. PUSHINGTON *remains in front of Doll Booth.* MRS. ITTICK and MISS LOVEJOY *go to Fancywork Booth.* Enter MISS PORTER, *R., pad in one hand and pencil in other. She pauses before Fancywork Booth.*]

MISS PORTER. [*To MISS LOVEJOY.*] Is Mrs. Wright here?

MISS LOVEJOY. Yes, I think so.

MISS PORTER. I'd like to see her, please.

MISS LOVEJOY. [*Points to Apron Booth.*] I think you will find her right over there.

MISS PORTER. Thank you. [*She goes to Apron Booth.*]

MISS PORTER. [*To MRS. BERRY.*] Are you Mrs. Wright?

MRS. BERRY. Well, I should say not; do I look like her?

MISS PORTER. Never having seen her, I can't say. I'm a stranger and would like to see Mrs. Wright. Will you kindly tell me where I can find her?

MRS. BERRY. [*Giving an indefinite wave of her arm which takes in the whole area of the room.*] Over there somewhere.

MISS PORTER. [*Looks at her complacently.*] Thank you very much.

MRS. BERRY. [*Follows her with curious eyes.*] I'd just like to know what she wants with Mrs. Wright. [*Stands with elbows on the counter entirely engrossed in finding out.*]

MISS PORTER. [*Goes to Domestic Booth, outside of which MRS. BLANQUET is busy arranging things on counter.*] I'm hunting for Mrs. Wright; can you tell me where she is?

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Looking all over room.*] Well, she was around here just a moment ago, but I don't see her now, but I—

MRS. PUSHINGTON. [*Comes forward.*] What is it, please?

MISS PORTER. Oh, are you Mrs. Wright?

MRS. PUSHINGTON. Well—no, but perhaps I will answer just as well.

MISS PORTER. No, I was told to see Mrs. Wright. I'm a reporter from the "Tribald."

MRS. PUSHINGTON. Well, I'm Mrs. Pushington, President of the Woman's Sewing Circle of the "Benevolent Society for the Promulgation and Preservation of Discouraged Infants," but I'm very busy just now, getting things ready and you'll have to excuse me.

MISS PORTER. Mrs. Wright is the lady I wish to see. [*Everyone is busy working in their own booths and take no notice of her. MRS. WRIGHT comes from Lemonade Booth, takes seat in front of table and begins to write. MISS PORTER goes to C., and looks around.*] The Chairman of a Charity Bazaar seems more difficult to locate than a fleeing cashier in Canada.

MISS NERVETTE. [*Goes to MISS PORTER and takes her coat sleeve familiarly.*] You seem to have difficulty in landing; shall I show you where to dock?

MISS PORTER. Sure thing! Is there a Mrs. Wright running this "shebang"? If so, where is she?

MISS NERVETTE. There is and she is right here. [*Goes to MRS. WRIGHT and touches her shoulder.*] Mrs. Wright, here is a lady who wishes to speak to you.

MISS PORTER. [*Takes MISS NERVETTE's hand.*] Thank you. [*MISS NERVETTE goes back to her booth, and MISS PORTER turns to MRS. WRIGHT.*] I'm Miss Porter of the "Tribald," sent to interview you about this bazaar.

MRS. WRIGHT. Couldn't you see me tomorrow; I'm very busy just now?

MISS PORTER. It will be stale news tomorrow. I thought perhaps I could obtain your photograph to put at the head of the article.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Her whole attitude changing.*] Oh, just sit down, please. I'll spare you a few moments. [*They sit in front of Lemonade Booth, chatting in pantomime, MISS PORTER making many notes.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Approaches curiously, with cake.*] Pardon me, Mrs. Wright; shall I take this cake into your booth now?

[MRS. WRIGHT *is too absorbed to hear and does not turn around until MISS PORTER speaks.*]

MISS PORTER. There's someone who wants to take the cake.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Looks over her shoulder.*] Pardon me, Mrs. Blanquet, but I'm busy just now. I'll see you just as soon as I've finished this interview.

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Crosses to R., Apron Booth—to MRS. BERRY.*] Did you ever hear the like of that? She refused to answer a civil question just now because she happened to be talking to a stranger. Who is it, I'd like to know?

MRS. BERRY. She's wasting her time on a reporter, when she ought to be attending to business, but what won't a woman do to get her picture in the paper.

MRS. BLANQUET. You would probably have to take a patent medicine. [*She returns to her booth.*]

MRS. BERRY. [*Thoughtfully.*] What did she mean by that? I'm sure I never took patent medicines.

[*Enter MRS. FARTHINGTON R., followed by ARABELLA, shrinking timidly.*]

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Very much frustrated and talking to everyone in general.*] Oh I hope Arabella isn't late. Our machine broke down again. [*To ARABELLA.*] Do stand—

MRS. BERRY	}	[ <i>Together.</i> ] AGAIN!
MRS. BLANQUET		
MISS NERVETTE		

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Ignoring interruption.*] Do stand up straight Arabella? Acquire some dignity. [*Goes to Domestic Booth.*] Oh, how do you do Mrs. Blanquet? Where is Mrs. Wright? She has Arabella's cap and Arabella can't sell her flowers without her cap. Do stand up, Arabella!

MRS. BLANQUET. She's being interviewed. Come back tomorrow morning.

MRS. BERRY. [*Pointing to MRS. WRIGHT.*] She's having her picture taken; you can have the proofs tomorrow.



MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Pushing ARABELLA toward Mrs. WRIGHT.*] It doesn't make any difference Arabella must have her cap. Go ask for it.

ARABELLA. [*Returns to C; timidly approaches Mrs. WRIGHT.*] Mrs. Wright I hope, I am ah—not—ah—not—ah—disturbing you, but Mother says—

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Looks at ARABELLA over her shoulder.*] Oh, it's you, Arabella? You will have to wait. [*Waves her hand.*]

ARABELLA. [*Retreats to her mother, C.*] She says, that I'll—

MRS. FARTHINGTON. It doesn't make any difference what she says, you listen to what I say; your cap is there. [*Points dramatically to Mrs. WRIGHT.*] Get it at once as I told you to do.

ARABELLA. "But Mother—"

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Interrupting her.*] "Don't Mother me, do as I say."

ARABELLA. [*A gain approaches Mrs. WRIGHT.*] "Mother says—"

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Impatiently.*] Mrs. Duitall, please see what this child wishes.

[*Mrs. DUITALL comes from Lemonade Booth. She is wearing a kitchen apron and carries a knife in one hand and a lemon in the other. She goes to ARABELLA who has retreated to C.*]

MRS. DUITALL. Well, if it ain't Arabella, almost in tears. Mrs. Wright can't say a word to any one just now, so what can I do for you?

ARABELLA. Why Mother says, she says—

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Interrupting.*] Say it yourself, you know what you wish.

ARABELLA. [*Points helplessly to her head.*] CAP!

MRS. DUITALL. Blessings on your head, just be patient and I will get it for you. [*She goes to Lemonade Booth.*]

MRS. LEIGHTON. [*Enters R, followed by RUTH and BESSIE LEIGHTON, and BOB, all carrying packages.*] I do wonder if we have everything, we came away in such a hurry.

RUTH LEIGHTON. [*Entering.*] I don't see how we could carry any more.

BESSIE LEIGHTON. [*Entering.*] I didn't get to eat my ice cream.

BOB. [*Entering.*] It isn't my fault if we are late.

MRS. BLANQUET. Heaven help us, here comes Christmas—

MRS. BERRY. —and New Year's.

MRS. LEIGHTON. [*Leans on counter of booth. She talks breathlessly behind her packages.*] Well I'm glad we're on time after all. Now Bob you put all those things behind there [*Points to booth.*] and hurry home and bring the rest of the family. Ruth put your things on the counter and Bessie hang your wraps in the booth. [*ARABELLA helps RUTH and BESSIE, while MRS. FARTHINGTON goes to Candy Booth and buys a box of candy.*] I've been in the city all day and have such a raging headache.

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Goes to Christmas Booth and looks around anxiously.*] Where is Arabella's cap?

MRS. LEIGHTON. [*Holding her temples.*] I haven't Arabella's cap, but where is Mrs. Wright?

ARABELLA. [*Coming out of Christmas Booth.*] Oh, Mrs. Leighton, she's over there, [*Shrinking.*] but don't go near her.

MRS. LEIGHTON. And pray, why shouldn't I go near her? Has she the smallpox?

ARABELLA. Oh she has something lots worse than the smallpox and can't speak a word to anyone.

[*MRS. FARTHINGTON grabs ARABELLA's arm and takes her to Doll Booth, scolding her in pantomime.*]

MRS. LEIGHTON. Mercy on us. That sounds like paralysis. [*To her daughters in Christmas Booth.*] Girls, did you hear the news? Poor Mrs. Wright must have had a stroke. [*She goes into booth.*]

MRS. DUITALL. [*Comes from Lemonade Booth with paper package. She goes to C, opens package and takes out a cap.*] Come Arabella, here's your cap.

ARABELLA. [*Runs to MRS. DUITALL.*] My cap! [*She takes it.*]

MRS. DUITALL. Now I'll get your flowers. [*Disappears again in Lemonade Booth.*]

MRS. ITTICK. [*To MRS. BLANQUET.*] That Farthington girl certainly lacks repose.

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Taps her forehead.*] Lacking here, too.

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Goes to C with MISS NERVETTE.*] Now you arrange Arabella's cap. I know she will look so well in a cap.

MISS NERVETTE. [*Pounces the cap over ARABELLA's ears and chucks her under the chin.*] Perfectly captivating.

MRS. DUITALL. [*Comes from Lemonade Booth with tray of flowers.*] Now you will be all fixed, Arabella.

MISS NERVETTE. [*Takes tray from MRS. DUITALL, and together they place the ribbon around ARABELLA's neck.*] Behold thy star and garter!

[ARABELLA looks at her mother, timidly. Following shows arrangement of characters:]

## ARABELLA

MISS NERVETTE

MRS. DUITALL

MRS. FARTHINGTON

MRS. ITTICK

MRS. BERRY

MRS. BLANQUET.]

MRS. DUITALL [*Confidentially.*] We got these flowers at such a wonderful bargain. They were left overs and the florist sold them at half price. I made them into twenty bunches. Now Arabella, you are to sell each bunch for fifty cents.

ARABELLA. [*Looks around and repeats stupidly.*] Bargains? Left overs? Fifty cents apiece?

MRS. FARTHINGTON. Let me be the first to buy Arabella. [*They exchange flowers for money.*]

MISS NERVETTE. [*To MRS. BERRY.*] That's a regular hold up.

MRS. BERRY. [*To MISS NERVETTE.*] That's just what I say.

[*They return to their booths.*]

MRS. ITTICK. [*To* MRS. BLANQUET.] I don't approve of such methods.

MRS. BLANQUET. [*To* MRS. ITTICK.] Is there anything of which you do approve? [*They go to Domestic Booth.*]

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Pins bouquet on her dress.*] Now Arabella, we will expect you to sell all of these flowers.

ARABELLA. Then you will have to buy them all, Mamma. [*They go to fancy work booth.*]

[*Enter* PETER R., carrying a large load of packages.]

MRS. LEIGHTON. [*Runs out of Christmas Novelty Booth and accidentally knocks PETER down, the packages scattering in all directions.*] Oh, Peter, why don't you look where you're going. I hope nothing is broken. [*Goes to Apron Booth.*]

PETER. [*On his knees.*] Nuthin' unless it's my poh back. [*He picks packages up and leaves them at Domestic Booth, exits L.*]

MRS. LEIGHTON. [*To* MRS. BERRY.] Do tell me about Mrs. Wright. Who will we get to take her place?

MRS. BERRY. There's nothing wrong with Mrs. Wright, her place is taken pretty well just now, don't you think? Been wasting her time on that reporter for half an hour. [*MRS. WRIGHT and MISS PORTER rise and shake hands.*] Thank goodness she's going. I suppose the Tribald will get out an extra tomorrow.

MRS. WRIGHT. Won't you remain and look around?

MISS PORTER. No, thank you, I must get back to the office.

MRS. LEIGHTON. [*Crosses to* MRS. WRIGHT *and falls on her shoulder.*] Oh, Mrs. Wright I am so glad you are still alive.

MISS PORTER. [*Amused.*] Why shouldn't she be alive? Did you think I'd eaten her up?

MRS. LEIGHTON. [*Disregarding questions — to* MRS. WRIGHT.] Oh, after all I've heard I thought you would be paralyzed. [*Clings to her, and pats her on the back.*]

MISS PORTER. [*Insulted.*] Well, never before have I endured such insinuations. Good evening, ladies. [*Starts to exit R.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Tries to detain her.*] But Miss Porter, surely you misunderstand. [*MRS. LEIGHTON takes her arm and pulls her into Lemonade Booth.*]

ARABELLA. [*To MISS PORTER.*] Won't you buy a bouquet for fifty cents?

MISS PORTER. [*Pushes her away.*] Reporters have no use for bouquets, except to throw them at other people.

ARABELLA. Well, you could throw this at any one.

MISS NERVETTE. [*To MISS PORTER.*] Have one on me. [*Offers candy which MISS PORTER takes. They lock arms and exit R.*]

[*Enter PETER, L.*]

ARABELLA. [*To PETER.*] Won't you buy an *as is*?

PETER. A what is?

ARABELLA. An *as is*. A left over for fifty cents.

PETER. I ain't got no fifty cents.

ARABELLA. Oh, but these are such bargains.

PETER. I ain't got no money for no bargains or no nothin'. [*Starts toward L.*]

ARABELLA. [*Takes hold of his coat.*] Oh, please, Peter— [*They exit L.*]

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Who has observed ARABELLA'S familiarity, follows them.*] Arabella! Arabella! What does that child mean? Arabella! Arabella! [*Exits L.*]

[*Enter MRS. DEBUSSY, MR. PUSHINGTON, MARY and VIRGINIA PUSHINGTON, R. MRS. PUSHINGTON goes to meet them. MISS LOVEJOY accidentally drops several tin boxes on the floor.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Crosses to Apron Booth—to MRS. BERRY.*] Did you hear what she called her child?

MRS. BERRY. I'd like to know how you expect me to hear anything in all this confusion. [*Becoming interested.*] What *did* she call her?

MRS. BLANQUET. Mean—a mean child!

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Comes from Lemonade Booth with* MRS. LEIGHTON.] This is all a lot of foolishness.

MRS. LEIGHTON. But Arabella told me distinctly that you had a stroke of apoplexy.

MRS. WRIGHT. Impossible! How dare she?

MRS. BLANQUET. She's a very daring child.

MRS. BERRY. When her own Mother says she's a mean, horrid child, what can you expect?

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Enters L.; preceded by ARABELLA, led by ear to C.*] The very idea, how could you, Arabella?

MRS. WRIGHT	} [ <i>Together, pointing at her.</i> ] Yes,
MRS. BERRY	
MRS. BLANQUET	
MRS. LEIGHTON	

Arabella, how could you?

[*Following is the arrangement of characters:*

ARABELLA

MRS. FARTHINGTON

MRS. LEIGHTON

MRS. BLANQUET

MRS. BERRY

MRS. WRIGHT.]

MISS NERVETTE. [*Enters R.; hurriedly.*] Is everything ready? Here comes the new minister! [*General commotion is caused by this announcement. Enter MR. and MRS. WITHERSPOON, R. MRS. BERRY and MRS. BLANQUET return to their booths, but all of the other ladies, after primping up their hair and dresses, rush to MR. WITHERSPOON and pull him down C., leaving MRS. WITHERSPOON alone and unnoticed, up R.*]

MR. WITHERSPOON. [*Holding up his hands.*] Ladies! Ladies!

MRS. FARTHINGTON. We are so delighted to have you with us. [*Pushes ARABELLA forward.*] Say you are delighted, Arabella.

MR. WITHERSPOON. [*Shakes hands with her and then with ARABELLA.*] Very delighted to see you, MRS. FARTHINGTON. How do you do, Arabella?

MRS. PUSHINGTON. [*To MR. WITHERSPOON.*] I meant to have James bring you in the car.

MR. WITHERSPOON. [*Shaking hands.*] That would have been pleasant.

MISS LOVEJOY. [*Shaking hands with him.*] You're going to make a speech, aren't you?

MR. WITHERSPOON. Not tonight.

MRS. ITTICK. [*Pushes the others away and shakes hands with him.*] Give the poor man air!

MR. WITHERSPOON. Thank you, Mrs. Ittick, I am quite comfortable.

MRS. DUITALL. [*Rushes from Lemonade Booth, with chair which she offers to him.*] Do be seated, Mr. Witherspoon, I know you must be tired.

MR. WITHERSPOON. No, thank you, I prefer to stand.

MISS NERVETTE. [*Offering him candy.*] Sweets to the sweet!

MR. WITHERSPOON. No, thank you, not this evening.

ARABELLA. [*Who has been endeavoring to get up enough courage to speak to him.*] Please buy a bargain. Fifty-cent *Left overs*—as—iscs—

MR. WITHERSPOON. What kind of flowers?

MRS. FARTINGTON. Arabella, will you never learn? [*She pulls her toward Domestic Booth and ARABELLA bumps into MRS. WRIGHT, who is carrying a glass of lemonade.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. Oh, Arabella! [*Hands glass to MR. WITHERSPOON.*] Do have some lemonade, Mr. Witherspoon.

MR. WITHERSPOON. [*Takes glass.*] Thank you, I am quite thirsty. [*He picks up chair and goes into Lemonade Booth, with MRS. WRIGHT.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. That was worse than a Monday morning in Field's basement.

MRS. BERRY. More like the rush hour on the elevated.

MISS LOVEJOY. [*First to notice MRS. WITHERSPOON.*] Oh—Why— [*Hesitates.*] We are so glad to see you here, Mrs. Witherspoon.

MRS. WITHERSPOON. [*Glancing toward Lemonade Booth.*] Yes, I'm glad I came.

MISS LOVEJOY. Do come and see our new fancy bags. [*They go to Fancywork Booth, and MRS. ITTICK joins them there.*]

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Comes from Domestic Booth, holding ARABELLA firmly by the arm.*] Come, Arabella, and let me select an apron for you. [*They go to Apron Booth. MRS. FARTHINGTON buys an apron and ties it on ARABELLA.*]

[*Enter MR. and MRS. HIRAM HILLSBY, R.*]

MR. HILLSBY. Now Elmiry, let me jest git you a little chocolate sody water, an' you'll never know that you climbed them there stairs. [*He goes to Christmas Booth and MRS. HILLSBY and MRS. WITHERSPOON converse in pantomime.*]

MR. HILLSBY. [*To MRS. LEIGHTON.*] Well, good evenin' to you, Mrs. Santy Claus. You can jest hear them sleighbells a ringin' when you look in here. Ain't got no sody water here have you?

MRS. LEIGHTON. No, Mr. Hillsby, but we have most everything else.

MR. HILLSBY. [*To MRS. BERRY.*] Ain't you got no sody water, neither, Mrs. Berry?

MRS. BERRY. No, we *ain't*, but we have some fine aprons to sell. Now here is one that will just fit your wife for a dollar and a quarter.

MR. HILLSBY. My wife for a dollar and a quarter?

MRS. BERRY. No, I mean the apron.

MR. HILLSBY. Why, of course it will. Jest wrap it up an' I'll take it along. [*He hands money to MRS. BERRY, and examines things in the booth. As soon as he receives the package, he gradually works his way to the Lemonade Booth, stopping at the other booths and talks in pantomime, with ladies in charge.*]

[*Enter Fortune Teller, R.*]

FORTUNE TELLER. Fortunes told! Fortunes told! Come into my booth and have your fortunes told! [*She goes to C. and is immediately surrounded by the LEIGHTON and PUSHTINGTON girls.*]



RUTH LEIGHTON  
 BESSIE LEIGHTON  
 MARY PUSHINGTON  
 VIRGINIA PUSHINGTON

[*Together.*]

{ Oh, look, girls.  
 Here comes the  
 fortune teller.  
 Fortune teller,  
 goody.  
 Do tell our  
 fortunes.

FORTUNE TELLER. One at a time, please. [*Takes RUTH LEIGHTON'S hands.*] You will never have a husband.

RUTH LEIGHTON. Horrid old thing. [*Goes into Christmas booth, pouting.*]

FORTUNE TELLER. [*Takes MARY PUSHINGTON'S hand.*] You will escape fire, wreck and death and marry Prince Charming.

MARY PUSHINGTON. Oh, come, girls, let's go in.

FORTUNE TELLER. [*Takes BESSIE LEIGHTON'S hand.*] Ah, what a hand! You will be very rich.

BESSIE LEIGHTON. Oh goody, goody, girls.

FORTUNE TELLER. [*Takes ARABELLA'S hand.*] You'll be a great opera singer.

ARABELLA. [*Shrinking.*] Oh, I don't want to be!

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Comes C.*] But Arabella, that's exactly what I wish you to be.

[*They both retire talking in pantomime, and join MRS. ITTICK and MRS. WITHERSPOON.*]

FORTUNE TELLER. [*Takes VIRGINIA PUSHINGTON'S hand.*] And you will have great sorrow.

VIRGINIA PUSHINGTON. [*Slaps FORTUNE TELLER'S hand, breaks into tears, and runs to her mother in Doll Booth.*] I don't like her, she told me I was going to be sorry.

[*FORTUNE TELLER exits L., followed by MARY PUSHINGTON and BESSIE LEIGHTON, arm in arm, giggling. Enter MR. LEIGHTON, R.; followed by HELEN and JOSEPHINE LEIGHTON, also MINNA carrying DOROTHY LEIGHTON.*]

MR. LEIGHTON. Come now, children, and let me take off your wraps.

[MRS. LEIGHTON and RUTH, go to Doll Booth. MR. LEIGHTON joins the men, and the children play ad lib without making any noise, during the various speeches. All of the ladies admire the LEIGHTON baby.]

MR. HILLSBY. [*At Lemonade Booth.*] It's here you're servin' drinks is it? Well, I had my mind set on a chocolate soddy, but your sign don't read that way, so if you'll just hand out two lemonades, please. [*Gives her ten cents.*]

MRS. DUITALL. [*Hands him two glasses.*] Twenty cents, please.

MR. HILLSBY. For two glasses?

MRS. DUITALL. Yes, it's ten cents a glass.

MR. HILLSBY. Ain't that pretty steep? [*Gives her another ten cents.*]

MRS. DUITALL. [*Taking money.*] Not at a fair.

MR. HILLSBY. It jest gets me why they call a place like this—fair.

MRS. DUITALL. Then call it a bazaar.

MR. HILLSBY. I think that's a better name fer it, but I could make a dozen glasses this size, to hum fer twenty cents. [*Starts towards MRS. HILLSBY but is intercepted by ARABELLA.*]

ARABELLA. Won't you please buy a bargain for fifty cents, they are left overs and—

MR. HILLSBY. [*Interrupting.*] I certainly will, if you will pin it on my coat. My hands are full.

ARABELLA. Oh, I haven't any pins.

MR. HILLSBY. Just look inside the lapel of my coat and you'll find one. Elmira's always needin' pins, so I allus keep a good supply.

ARABELLA. [*Timidly lifts up the corner of his coat.*] I don't see any.

MR. HILLSBY. [*Endeavoring to point with his chin.*] Right here.

ARABELLA. [*Turns back his coat and puts her hand up.*] Oh, I see.

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*Noticing ARABELLA's supposed familiarity, screams.*] Arabella!

[ARABELLA jumps, spilling some of the flowers and some of Mr. HILLSBY's lemonade. MRS. HILLSBY runs to him and takes glasses, putting one of them on counter of Fancywork Booth. MISS NERVETTE drinks it. Mr. HILLSBY gets on floor on hands and knees and picks up flowers, which he puts on tray.]

MRS. FARTHINGTON. Arabella, your familiarity will certainly breed contempt. How dare you rifle a man's pockets in public?

ARABELLA. I wasn't rifling his pockets. He wanted a pin.

MRS. FARTHINGTON. Well, for goodness sake, take all I have [*Hands her the hat pins from her hat.*], but don't look like a pickpocket before everybody. [*They both go to Lemonade Booth.*]

MR. HILLSBY. [*To MRS. HILLSBY.*] Where's my lemonade?

MRS. HILLSBY. [*Points to Fancywork Booth.*] There.

MR. HILLSBY. [*Picks up empty glass and looks inside.*] Well, I'll be jiggered.

MISS LOVEJOY. [*Goes to Mr. HILLSBY, holds up creation of lace and ribbons.*] Mr. Hillsby, I know your wife would like this—ah—this—ah—

MR. HILLSBY. Well, what is it?

MISS LOVEJOY. It's a fancy article.

MR. HILLSBY. Well, ain't it got a name?

MISS LOVEJOY. Why, of course it has a name; everything has a name.

MR. HILLSBY. Well, what do you call it?

MISS LOVEJOY. Really, I don't know exactly, but you could use it for a pen wiper or a tea-cozy.

MR. HILLSBY. [*Stupidly regarding her and then the article.*] But I don't use either.

MISS LOVEJOY. You might use it to scent your neckties. [*Holding it to his nose; he shakes his head.*] See, it's scented, or it might be used for a tobacco pouch.

MR. HILLSBY. Now, why didn't you tell me that before? When I get through with it for a tobacco

pouch, then Elmira can use it to smell her handkerchiefs. How much is it?

MISS LOVEJOY. Only two dollars and a quarter; you see the ribbons are real silk.

MR. HILLSBY. Yes, yes. [*Feeling ribbons.*] I'll take it. [*Hands her bill.*] Can you change five dollars?

MISS LOVEJOY. You know I haven't any change, and sometimes people don't ask for any change; but if you will come back in an hour, perhaps I will have some.

MRS. FARTHINGTON. [*To ARABELLA in front of Lemonade Booth.*] How many flowers have you sold, Arabella?

ARABELLA. [*Frightened.*] Why, you bought one and I sold another, but you wouldn't let me get my money for it.

MRS. FARTHINGTON. It's your method of obtaining the money to which I object. Do I wish a daughter of mine to go around a Charity Bazaar with her hands in people's pockets, resembling a common pickpocket? Never! The name of Farthington must go down in history untarnished! To save our family honor I will buy all your flowers. Now, when no one is looking put them all in my bag. [*Talking and laughter is general and the children play and romp during the following action.* MRS. FARTHINGTON stands in front of ARABELLA, holding open bag behind her, while she crams as many of the flowers into bag as it will hold and turns in despair looking for a place to dispose of the remainder. Seeing lemonade bucket in booth, she places it on floor and dumps flowers into it, hides her tray and clings to her mother's arm.]

MR. PUSHINGTON. [*Holding MR. WITHERSPOON'S arm, comes down stage with him from Candy Booth, followed by all of PUSHINGTON family.*] That's very true, Mr. Witherspoon; I agree with you there; but the question is, do you believe in playing golf on Sunday?

MR. WITHERSPOON. Now, that's a question that can hardly be answered in an off-hand manner; of course, if a man goes to church in the morning and—

MRS. PUSHINGTON. [*Interrupting.*] Well, if he plays golf on Sunday, I don't see what harm there is if I play bridge.

MR. WITHERSPOON. Well, really, Mrs. Pushington, that is quite a different question, you see—

MARY PUSHINGTON. [*Interrupting.*] Well, if mother plays bridge, I don't see why I can't play tennis.

MR. WITHERSPOON. You see the example.

VIRGINIA WITHERSPOON. [*Interrupting.*] If she plays tennis, why can't I play croquet?

MR. WITHERSPOON

MRS. PUSHINGTON

MR. PUSHINGTON

VIRGINIA PUSHINGTON.

MARY PUSHINGTON.

MR. WITHERSPOON. Well, now, really, this looks like a series of questions, and if you'll just—

MRS. PUSHINGTON. [*Interrupting.*] It is a serious question, very serious!

MR. WITHERSPOON. [*Hopelessly.*] But you don't understand; it's a question of ethics, of morals, one that requires deep—

MR. PUSHINGTON. [*Interrupting.*] It's a question of golf.

MRS. PUSHINGTON. It's a question of bridge.

MARY PUSHINGTON. It's a question of tennis.

VIRGINIA PUSHINGTON. It's a question of croquet.

[BESSIE LEIGHTON *screams off stage, L.* PUSHINGTON family surround Mr. WITHERSPOON, and all gradually make their way into Lemonade Booth.]

BESSIE LEIGHTON. [*Enters L., runs toward Christmas Booth, screaming at the top of her voice.*] Mother! Mother! She says my husband's going to be killed in an airship.

[*Enter FORTUNE TELLER and MARY PUSHINGTON, L.*]

MRS. LEIGHTON. [*Comes from booth to meet BESSIE.*] Never mind, darling. Wait till you get one. [*Both retire into Christmas Booth.*]

[*All of the characters are now on the stage—passing from one booth to another. Laughter and conversation*

is general. The children play tag and call back and forth to each other. Characters should keep well distributed. Only one in each booth, so the bazaar will have the appearance of being well attended. MRS. WRIGHT comes from Lemonade Booth and endeavors to make an announcement.]

MRS. WRIGHT. Ladies and gentlemen—[General conversation and laughter drowns her voice.]—ladies and gentlemen, will you please come to order—[No attention is paid to her; she motions to MRS. DUITALL in Lemonade Booth, who goes to her. They hold a consultation. MRS. DUITALL goes to MR. WITHERSPOON in Lemonade Booth, who comes to front of booth with chair and mounts it. Makes announcement in deep sepulchral tones.]

MR. WITHERSPOON. [Clapping his hands to attract attention.] Ladies and gentlemen, kindly refrain from undue levity for a moment, as Mrs. Wright, the chairman of this most successful bazaar, has an announcement which she wishes to make known to you. [Everyone looks around with approval and applauds.]

MRS. WRIGHT. [Bowing as if the applause were for her.] Ladies and gentlemen [Wipes her mouth in embarrassment.], I would like to take this opportunity to—to—[Pause.]—This is a joyous occasion upon which—upon which—[Pause.]—As I said before, we are all most happy to—to—[Coughing.]—No one can fail to realize how—how—[Pause.]—but as I said before—[She takes paper from her pocket and begins reading in a stiff, formal voice.] I wish to announce to you a program for the evening, the first number on which will be a duet by Miss Pushington and Miss Lovejoy.

[Characters selected for the duet should be ones who are not good singers, but the accompanist must be a pianist.]

HELEN LEIGHTON. [To MRS. LEIGHTON, in front of Apron Booth.] Mother, please give me a quarter to buy a box of candy.

MRS. LEIGHTON. Go ask father.

[HELEN LEIGHTON runs to MR. LEIGHTON, obtains

money, goes to Candy Booth, returns to MRS. LEIGHTON, hugging box of candy. MISSES PUSHINGTON and LOVEJOY come down stage nervously fixing their hair.]

MISS PUSHINGTON. [*To MISS LOVEJOY.*] Where is the music?

MISS LOVEJOY. [*Surprised.*] I haven't it; you said you'd bring it.

MISS PUSHINGTON. Well, then, I must have forgotten it. What shall we do? Maybe Miss Nervette has it. [*Both go to piano in Lemonade Booth, and while they are hunting for the music, conversation and laughter is general. They come out with music and stand embarrassed at the general confusion. MRS. WRIGHT whispers to girls and tries to make herself heard.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. Ladies and gentlemen—[*Voice is drowned in tumult.*—]ladies and gentlemen—[MRS. DUITALL whispers to MR. WITHERSPOON, who again mounts chair and claps hands.]

MR. WITHERSPOON. Ladies and gentlemen, when order is restored we will listen to the first number on the program for this evening. [*He dismounts chair sedately, and MISSES PUSHINGTON and LOVEJOY step forward. Loud accompaniment begins. They sing "Oh, that we two were Maying," or some other duet, in high, uneven voices. At end of second page they stop and gaze at each other; accompaniment continues.*]

MISS PUSHINGTON. Where's the third page?

MISS LOVEJOY. I don't know.

MISS PUSHINGTON. You lost it.

MISS LOVEJOY. It was on your piano last night.

MISS PUSHINGTON. Well, it must be there yet. [*They whisper.*]

HELEN LEIGHTON. [*Having succeeded in untying string on box of candy, opens it, begins to scream.*] Mother, it only has six pieces in it.

MRS. LEIGHTON. Well, darling, how many did you expect? This is not a five and ten cent store.

[MISSES PUSHINGTON and LOVEJOY, looking downcast, bow and go into Lemonade Booth, and from there return

*to their booths; everyone looks around surprised at the sudden ending of duct, and at the end of MRS. LEIGHTON'S speech applaud vociferously, and general conversation and laughter follows immediately.]*

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Attempting to make herself heard again.*] Ladies and gentlemen—[*Whispers to MRS. DUITALL, who again enlists MR. WITHERSPOON. He mounts chair sedately for third time.*]

MR. WITHERSPOON. [*Claps hands.*] Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission we will proceed to the second number of the entertainment. [*He nods to MRS. WRIGHT to proceed.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Reading.*] The second number on our program this evening will be the reading of an original poem by Mrs. Duitall. [MRS. DUITALL comes from Lemonade Booth, wiping hands on apron and smoothing hair, bows.]

MR. HILLSBY. Where's the book she's goin' to read from?

MISS NERVETTE. Sh! It's elocution.

MRS. DUITALL. [*In rhythmical voice with gestures.*]

We're gathered here tonight, dear friends,  
With hearts so free from sadness;  
We're hoping that you'll do your best,  
And buy with cheer and gladness.

Mrs. Berry has her aprons,  
So reasonable and nice—  
Just the thing for girls and matrons;  
Please step forth and ask the price.

Mrs. Leighton has her holly  
And novelties galore;  
Buy your Christmas presents early,  
We advise and we implore.

Miss Lovejoy has most everything  
Made of ribbons and of lace;



Some have no names—that may be true—  
But they'll fill most any place.

Miss Nervette has the candy booth;  
'Tis full of nuts and sweets;  
Don't fail to fill your candy tooth  
Or give your neighbors treats.

The dolls have Mrs. Pushington  
As their chaperone tonight;  
If you buy a few them, you know,  
Her burdens will be light.

Mrs. Blanquet has the needy things;  
For chapped hands there's a lotion.  
Cake, jelly, bread and pie she brings,  
To buy, pray take a notion.

And when a drink you would procure  
Just try this lemonade.  
It's guaranteed and very pure;  
So give us women aid.

[*Great applause follows. MRS. DUITALL bows and retires into Lemonade Booth. Conversation and laughter become general.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Growing braver, mounts chair and claps hands.*] Ladies and gentlemen. [*No attention is paid to her. She motions to Mr. WITHERSPOON. He helps her dismount and they hold whispered conversation. He mounts chair and claps his hands.*]

MR. WITHERSPOON. Ladies and gentlemen, before proceeding further with the program, Mrs. Wright desires me to announce that there will be an auction sale, a fine knit shawl being the article put up for auction. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Leighton, will be the auctioneer. [*During this speech MISSES NERVETTE and LOVEJOY mount chairs and take pink and white shawl down, which has been hanging over the Fancywork Booth, and hand*

*it to MR. LEIGHTON, who stands on chair in center of stage. All characters distribute themselves, forming a semi-circle with MR. LEIGHTON in the center. As soon as MR. WITHERSPOON dismounts, MR. PUSHINGTON drags him into Lemonade Booth and continues argument in pantomime.]*

MR. LEIGHTON. Ladies and gentlemen, I have here a fine hand crocheted shawl, knit by hand. Its zephyr is all wool, its dye is real dead. What am I offered for this flimsy, fleecy specimen of woman's handicraft?

ARABELLA. [*With sudden braveness.*] Fifty cents.

MRS. FARTHINGTON. Arabella, where are your senses? [*Steps in front of her.*] I'll bid two dollars, Mr. Leighton.

MR. LEIGHTON. Two dollars! [*Disgusted.*] Just look at this handsome shawl. Come up and examine it. It will fill the bill at any time for any lady at any function. Why, two dollars will not pay for the yarn in such a shawl. I am bid two dollars; who will bid three?

MRS. DEBUSSY. I will.

MR. LEIGHTON. Ah. Mrs. DeBussy bids three dollars, a paltry sum for such a shawl. Who will make it four? Three dollars I am bid, three dollars, going at three dollars, going—

MRS. LEIGHTON. [*Stepping forward.*] Four dollars. [*He motions to her not to bid and she goes to her booth. He pays no attention to her bid.*] Do I hear anyone bid four dollars?

MRS. WITHERSPOON. Four dollars.

MR. LEIGHTON. Thank you, Mrs. Witherspoon. Four dollars is bid. Why, ladies and gentlemen, don't you know a bargain when you see it? Four dollars barely pays for the yarn and needles. The idea of such a piece of workmanship going for four dollars! I am bid four dollars—

MRS. HILLSBY. Four dollars and a quarter.

MR. LEIGHTON. Four dollars and a quarter. Why, that's an insult; the idea of offering such an insignificant sum. Four dollars and a quarter for a fine, flimsy, fleecy

effect like this. It can't be duplicated either here or in Patagonia for three times that amount. Four dollars and a quarter, why you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Mrs. Pushington crocheted this shawl with her own hands. Four dollars and a quarter. Come now, ladies and gentlemen, and let me hear a real bid."

MR. HILLSBY. Four dollars and seventy-five cents.

MR. LEIGHTON. Mr. Hillsby bids four dollars and seventy-five cents.

MRS. HILLSBY. Why, Hiram, what do you mean by raising my bid?

MR. HILLSBY. Why, Elmira, did you bid that four dollars and a quarter? Well that's a joke on me. [*Everybody laughs except MRS. HILLSBY.*]

[*Enter PETER, R.; he stands at R. of MR. LEIGHTON.*]

MR. LEIGHTON. Ladies and gentlemen, it's a pity to waste one's time for four dollars and seventy-five cents—four hundred and seventy-five pennies—someone make it five dollars. [*Turning to PETER.*] What do you bid, Peter?

PETER. I bid you good-night. [*Exit R.*]

MISS NERVETTE. [*To MRS. ITTICK.*] I saw one just like it at Carson-Pirie's for ten dollars.

MRS. ITTICK. [*Examining shawl closely.*] Did you really?

MISS NERVETTE. I really did.

MR. LEIGHTON. Do I hear someone bid five dollars, only the twentieth part of a hundred? Why, ladies and gentlemen, are you deaf and dumb and blind? You couldn't buy this in Paris for \$20; you couldn't buy it in New York for \$15. You couldn't buy it in Chicago for \$10.

MISS NERVETTE. [*Nudging MRS. ITTICK.*] Yes, you could.

MR. LEIGHTON. Now what am I offered?

MRS. ITTICK. [*Finally making up her mind.*] Five dollars.

MR. LEIGHTON. Five dollars is bid; who will make it six? Going at five dollars; do I hear six? Any more

bids? Going once at five dollars, going twice,—anyone else? Gone! Sold to Mrs. Ittick for five dollars!

[MR. LEIGHTON *hands shawl* to MRS. ITTICK. *Just as shawl is sold*, MR. PUSHINGTON *realizes situation*. *He rushes* to MR. LEIGHTON.]

MR. PUSHINGTON. What's this? What's this? Five dollars? [*He seizes shawl from* MRS. ITTICK.] Pardon me, madam. [*She is too startled to reply.*] Never five dollars for a shawl like this. I will pay \$15 for it right now. Five dollars, indeed! My wife has been spinning this yarn, I mean weaving this tale, I mean knitting this shawl, for the last six months [*Holds it up.*], rising at six o'clock in the morning, often burning the midnight oil, I mean the electric light, in order to finish it for this affair tonight; [*Takes a long breath.*] neglecting her husband's sox, sending regrets to her bridges, forsaking the bargain counter, forgetting the buttons on her children's clothes, and all for this, THIS, [*Holding shawl higher.*] and then to see it go for five paltry dollars. It's too much! I mean, it's too little. Love's labor lost. NO, I cannot bear it. I won't tolerate it. I'll buy it myself first for \$15 and give it to her [*Pointing to* MRS. PUSHINGTON.] as a Christmas gift. [*He hands money to* MISS LOVEJOY *and throws shawl around* MRS. PUSHINGTON'S *shoulders.*] Love and best wishes; your Christmas gift.

MRS. PUSHINGTON. [*Too surprised to remonstrate.*] But I wanted a fur coat for my Christmas present.

[*A shrill whistle is heard off stage. Everyone is startled. Enter* CLOWN, *grinning, with a basket of fancy colored bags tied around his neck. A placard on him reads:*

GRAB BAGS—5c EACH.

CLOWN. Grab bags, five cents, for the little ones.

[*He stands in center of stage bowing and smiling; instantly all of the children gather around him.*] Only five cents, children. No one knows what's inside. Only five cents to find out. [*All children run to parents,*

ADULTS

\*

✻

\*

✱

## CHILDREN

✻

\*

0

Q

0

✻

\*

Q

Q

✻

\*

Q

## CLOWN

Q

✻

✻

0

0

CURTAIN

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE—Same as Act I., the morning after. The booths have the appearance of being partially dismantled. The decorations are nearly all removed. Empty baskets, boxes and old papers are scattered around. Two stepladders in sight. Every booth except Apron Booth and Domestic Booth are in disorder. When curtain rises PETER is discovered pushing paper into corner with broom. Enter MRS. WRIGHT, R., clad in wet raincoat, carrying wet umbrella. Instead of bustling in as she did the night before she drags herself in very slowly, places her umbrella

*in the corner, opens her pocketbook, takes out a pill box from which she takes a pill with water from glass on table in Lemonade Booth. PETER watches her closely. She sighs deeply as she sinks into a chair. PETER coughs behind his hand.]*

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Removing hands from temples.*] Oh, good morning, Peter. As usual I am the first on the scene.

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Rising phantom-like, as on the night previous.*] I'm here. [*Jams packages into basket.*]

MRS. BERRY. [*Rising in same manner.*] And so am I, and, what's more, I was here before the doors were unlocked.

PETER. *Oh, I wuz heah. De wind blowed dat doah shet and de lock just slam banged et.* [*Exit L.*]

MRS. BERRY. He's just like a collar button—never on hand when wanted and always there when there's no use for it.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Fecbly.*] Really, it's very brave of you to come out such a bad morning, and I certainly appreciate it.

MRS. BERRY.                    }  
MRS. BLANQUET. } [*Together.*] It was our duty.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Smothering a yawn.*] Well, I trust the other ladies will be on time so we can settle our accounts.

MRS. BLANQUET. We'll be mighty lucky if we have any to settle.

[*Enter PETER, L., with pan of water, which he puts in Domestic Booth. Exit R.*]

MRS. BERRY. That's just what I say.

MRS. WRIGHT. Oh, don't let's wrangle about it. I have such a splitting headache.

[*Enter RUTH LEIGHTON, R., clad in raincoat and carries wet umbrella.*]

RUTH LEIGHTON. [*To MRS. WRIGHT.*] Here's a note from mother.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Takes note.*] Thank you, Ruth. [*Reads note.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. Isn't your mother coming this morning?

RUTH LEIGHTON. She's gone to the city. [*Retreats toward door.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Reads aloud.*] My dear Mrs. Wright: I find I have another attack of neuralgia, and it will be impossible for me to be with you this morning. Please give the basket I left under the counter to Ruth and kindly oblige, yours sincerely, Mrs. Leighton. P. S. Enclosed find account of Christmas Novelty Booth. [*Wearily to MRS. BERRY.*] Please get the basket for Ruth. [*Points to Christmas Booth.*] Over there.

MRS. BERRY. [*Whisking out of her booth, she gets basket without taking her eyes off of RUTH and hands it to her.*] Tell your mother I hope she will find plenty of bargains.

MRS. BLANQUET. Yes. And tell her I hope she will enjoy the matinee.

RUTH LEIGHTON. [*Unabashed.*]\* Thank you; I'm sure she will. [*Stumbles out R.*]

MRS. BERRY. } *Together.*] Well, of all the—

MRS. BLANQUET. }

MRS. WRIGHT. Never mind, ladies; remember, I have such a headache.

PETER. [*Enter R.*] De Pushington's cah am on de outside and de showfah says he am come for de trimmins's.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Weakly points to the doll booth, where three filled baskets are visible.*] There!

MRS. BLANQUET. Why didn't she come for those things herself?

MRS. BERRY. That's just what I say. She has just as much right to come down here and straighten up as we have.

MRS. BLANQUET. And she has a car, too.

MRS. BERRY. What if she has a car? That's the kind that are always the laziest.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Getting up determinedly.*] Well, I'll help Peter.

PETER. [*Holding the three baskets.*] Now ef you will jest hold de doah open I'm sure I kin make it. [*Exit, preceded by MRS. WRIGHT, R.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. I never was in favor of trying to raise money this way, anyhow.

MRS. BERRY. That's exactly what I say. If we had each gone down in our pockets and given five dollars, we would have saved lots of this fuss and worry, and what does it all amount to?

MISS NERVETTE. [*Enters R.; she wears wet raincoat and carries a wet umbrella.*] Tommyrot! Did you ever see such a day? Talk about the cold gray dawn of the morning after. [*Goes to C.*]

[*Enter MRS. WRIGHT, R.*]

MISS NERVETTE. And have you seen the "Tribald"? Just get on to this. [*Produces newspaper from pocket.*] It's great!

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Forgetting headache at sight of newspaper.*] Oh, the paper! Do let's see it. It's so dark in here I can't see. [*Calls.*] Peter!

PETER. [*Enters R.*] Yassum.

MRS. WRIGHT. Peter, please turn the lights on.

PETER. Yassum, Mrs. Wright. [*Goes to switch and turns lights on.*]

[*All of the ladies join MISS NERVETTE, who gives each a part of the paper, which they anxiously scan, MISS NERVETTE watching them closely.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. I see nothing here. [*Throws paper aside and sits at table near Lemonade Booth.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. Nor I. [*Throws paper aside and returns to her booth.*]

MRS. BERRY. [*Looking at MRS. WRIGHT.*] Not even a photograph! [*Throws paper aside and returns to her booth.*]

MISS NERVETTE. [*Laughs and gathers up the scattered newspapers.*] Nothing doing!

MRS. WRIGHT. I think that's what caused this headache. [*Rests her head and arms on table.*]



MRS. BERRY. Well, it nearly caused a riot.

MISS NERVETTE. [*Looking around.*] Awfully sorry I can't stay, but I have to make the 10:21. Here's my account for the Candy Booth. That ought to cure anyone's headache. Well, so long! [*Starts R., but returns.*] I almost forgot, here's Miss Lovejoy's account for the Fancywork Booth. She strained her throat last night, so she's down in the mouth this morning and can't get out.

[*Enter ARABELLA, R., wearing rain coat and carrying a wet umbrella.*]

MISS NERVETTE. [*Starts out.*] Again, so long! [*Bumps into ARABELLA.*] Greetings, Ophelia! This is no place for thee. [*Exits R.*]

ARABELLA. [*Frightened as usual.*] Mamma said for me to a—

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Noticing wet umbrella.*] Why Arabella! why are you walking such a morning as this?

ARABELLA. Oh, our machine's broken.

MRS. BLANQUET } [*Together.*] Again?

MRS. BERRY }

ARABELLA. [*Pays no attention to question.*] And Mamma says I'm to give this money to some one.

MRS. DUITALL. [*Enters R., wears rain coat and carries an umbrella.*] Do I hear the word "money" and where did you get it?

ARABELLA. Mamma gave it to me. She bought my flowers you know, and I'm to hand this note to somebody and get a basket.

MRS. DUITALL. [*Takes note.*] Well, bless her heart. We're glad to get any money. [*Reads address.*] "Mrs. Wright." [*Hands note to MRS. WRIGHT.*] This belongs to you.

[*MRS. DUITALL puts her wraps on counter of Doll Booth and ARABELLA edges her way into Lemonade Booth, turns her back towards ladies and fills her umbrella and pockets full of the cast-away flowers of the night previous; none of the ladies noticing her.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Reads.*] "My dear Mrs. Wright: It

gives me the greatest pleasure to convey to you such a splendid report of Arabella's earnings of last evening. Enclosed find \$10 which emphasizes the fact that the dear child sold *all* the flowers entrusted to her care. Faithfully yours, Cordelia Farthington." [*Folds note.*] How encouraging.

MRS. DUITALL. I always said Arabella was an efficient child.

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Comes to Apron Booth and examines aprons.*] She might be if she didn't give people paralysis.

MRS. BERRY. Well, she certainly gives me the fidgets.

ARABELLA. [*Coming forward.*] You'll find the other fifty cents in Mr. Hillsby's pocket.

MRS. WRIGHT } [*Together.*] What?  
MRS. DUITALL }

ARABELLA. Well, I don't know which one. Men always have so many pockets, but you'll find it all right,—if you'll just look for it.

MRS. BERRY. "Did you put it there?"

ARABELLA. [*Backs toward R. exit.*] Oh, no, I don't know how it got there, but Mamma said I was to get a basket which she left here last night.

[*MRS. BLANQUET and MRS. BERRY go into Apron Booth and talk to each other in pantomime. They do not see from where MRS. DUITALL obtains the basket which she gives to ARABELLA.*]

MRS. DUITALL. What kind of a basket?

ARABELLA. Oh, just a basket. She didn't say what kind of a one. I guess anyone will do.

MRS. DUITALL. [*Taking one from Domestic Booth.*] Does this look like it?

ARABELLA. [*Examines basket.*] Oh, yes, I'm sure that's the one, and you'll find the fifty cents in Mr. Hillsby's basket and I'll give this pocket to Mamma.

[*Examines basket again.*] "Yes, I'm sure." [*Backs out Exit R.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. [*MRS. BLANQUET and MRS. BERRY*

*come from Apron Booth.] We'll never see the Hillsby fifty cents, I can tell you that.*

MRS. BERRY. Unless you go down in his pocket and get it.

MRS. BLANQUET. It's hard enough to find money in one's own pocket, let alone hunting in other people's pockets. Mr. Hillsby's welcome to his fifty cents for all of me.

*[Enter PETER, R., and starts to clean room.]*

MRS. WRIGHT. *[Takes another pill.]* Never mind, ladies, I'll pay the fifty cents. *[She takes money from purse and puts it on table.]* Perhaps we may as well go ahead and settle our accounts. Peter, will you please bring that table out here. *[She points to one in Lemonade Booth.]*

PETER. Yassum.

*[PETER brings table to C. and each lady brings a chair. They sit around table with pencils and papers in hands, the following being the arrangement:]*

MRS. BERRY

MRS. WRIGHT

MRS. BLANQUET

MRS. DUITALL

*PETER sweeps the floor with sweeper, and runs it first against one and then each of the other chairs on which the ladies are sitting.]*

MRS. WRIGHT. That will do, Peter. You may finish cleaning the room after we are gone.

PETER. Well, how's a pusson evah goin' ta git his wuk done, ef peoples keep intafearin him? *[He continues to mumble under his breath. MRS. DUITALL rises and goes to MRS. WRIGHT. Whispers to her. MRS. WRIGHT gives an assenting nod of her head.]*

MRS. WRIGHT. Oh, Peter, come here. In recognition of your splendid services—a—your services—a—the way you do your work—*[He nods.]*—we, the ladies of the Society, desire to—desire to—we are going to give you two dollars for your—for your—what you did. *[Hands him bill.]*

PETER. [*Takes money and passes it through his hands.*] I'ze pow'ful glad I is indeed. Yes, sah. Dese yeha two dollarziz does come in mighty handy like, yes, sah.

MRS. WRIGHT. That will do, Peter.

PETER. Oh, yassum. [*With broad grin.*] I'll do de sweepin' dis aftah noon when dey ain't no one round. [*Exit R., he crosses stage frequently as in Act I during remainder of Act II.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. Let us proceed with the—with the—let us go on. Mrs. Berry as Chairman of the Apron Booth, will you please read your report?

MRS. BERRY. [*Stands and reads.*] Madam Chairman and Ladies:

To 2 bolts of gingham at \$4.25 = \$8.50  
10 yards of dimity . . . . .

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Interrupting.*] Please don't go into details, just read your total expenditures and receipts, and say what your booth made.

MRS. BERRY. Made? The only thing our booth made, was aprons. [*Reads.*] "Renting machines, \$3—"

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Interrupting again.*] Yes, but what was the profit of your booth?

MRS. BERRY. [*Crossing out half of her report with pencil.*] \$5.85.

[*MRS. BERRY takes her chair and puts it in front of Christmas Booth. MRS. DUITALL moves her chair to space vacated by MRS. BERRY.*]

MRS. DUITALL. Well, but why didn't you make more than that, all your aprons were sold?

MRS. BERRY. [*In front of Apron Booth.*] Yes, sold at auction for fifteen cents apiece, when the material cost more than fifty. [*She goes into Apron Booth, piqued.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. That will do, ladies. [*Writes on tablet.*] Apron Booth, five eighty-five. Mrs. Blanquet, as Chairman of the Domestic Booth, may we hear from you?

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Rising.*] Madam Chairman and lady: [*She draws long breath.*] To epitomize my account I will report the Domestic Booth has a deficit of ninety-five cents.

[MRS. WRIGHT and MRS. DUITALL *look at each other, shocked and surprised.*]

MRS. BERRY. Is that all?

MRS. DUITALL. How can that be possible?

MRS. BLANQUET. It's possible for several reasons. First, fifteen cakes promised were not delivered, and we purchased that number from the exchange. Four were sold for just what we paid for them, and the exchange very unkindly refused to credit us with the eleven which we tried to return this morning,—eight glasses of jelly were broken being brought here,—two cans of peaches that were donated were spoiled—[*The ladies look distressed.*—]and the remaining loaves of bread shared the same fate as the aprons! Sold at auction, each for two cents less than cost. Therefore ninety-five cents deficit. [*Sits down abruptly.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Looks more miserable and takes another pill.*] Mrs. Duitall, as Chairman of the Lemonade Booth, may we hear your deficit—I mean your report?

MRS. DUITALL. [*Rising.*] Excuse me if I have no definite report, but I rejoice to say that after paying a dollar and a half for the rental of the bowl and ladle and paying for the lemons and sugar, I report favorably \$6.80. [*Apologetically.*] You know the price of lemons has advanced, notwithstanding the reduction in the tariff. [*Resumes seat.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Applauding, weakly.*] Good.

MRS. BLANQUET. Well, how under the sun did you ever manage it?

MRS. DUITALL. I must confess [*Confidentially.*] towards the last I did fill it up with water, but I guess—

MRS. BERRY. [*Interrupting.*] I thought it tasted like it.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Taking Mrs. DUITALL's hand.*] Never-

theless I congratulate you. Water or no water. I will now read the reports from the other—

PETER. [*Enters, R., holding a dozen or more handkerchiefs in one hand, several pairs of overshoes under his arm, the other hand full of breastpins, hairpins, etc.*] Sorra to distub yah, Mrs. Wright, but dese yeah things am among de missin'.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Turning.*] What's that, Peter, I don't understand you?

PETER. Why des losted! Las' night I done found dem heah dis mawnin'.

MRS. WRIGHT. We can't bother with them this morning. We're too busy discovering our own losses. You put them away and we will make an announcement at our next meeting.

PETER. Jest as yo say, Mrs. Wright. [*Muttering.*] I jest feel like the President of the founders' sassity. [*Exit R.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Holding MRS. LEIGHTON'S note.*] I will now read the report of the Christmas Novelty Booth, as given by its Chairman, Mrs. Leighton. [*Opens note and reads.*] "Owing to the high cost of tissue paper, the exorbitant duty on novelties and the lack of willing and generous purchasers, the Christmas Novelty Booth stands, \$1.50 on the credit side, if I myself pay for the ribbons and boxes, or \$3.29 deficit if I do not. Mrs. Leighton, Chairman." [*Looks helplessly around.*] The question now before us is: Shall Mrs. Leighton make up the deficit? Those in favor, say "aye"!

MRS. DUITALL	}	[ <i>Together.</i> ] Aye.
MRS. BLANQUET		
MRS. BERRY		

[*Does not wait to hear nos.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. Those opposed, no. The ayes have it. [MRS. BLANQUET goes to her booth and looks for her basket.]

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Reads aloud while writing.*] "Christmas Novelty Booth, \$1.50 credit." Next we will have the report from—

[Enter PETER, R.]

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Interrupting.*] Excuse me, Mrs. Wright. Peter what did you do with my basket? It was standing right here. [*Points to counter of Domestic Booth. MRS. DUITALL pays no attention to her, but MRS. WRIGHT looks quite distressed and takes another pill.*]

PETER. I ain't seen yo' basket.

MRS. BLANQUET. Who would touch it if you didn't? Are you sure you didn't give it to the Pushington's chauffeur? You ought to be more careful. Now where can it be? [*She hunts behind all of the counters for it.*]

PETER. Ebery time des anything done, I'ze done it; ebery time dey's anything lost, I'ze losted it; ebery time dey's anything found, I'ze found it, but no one evah gibes me no credit fo' nuthin'.

MRS. WRIGHT. That will do, Peter.

PETER. [*Mumbling.*] Dey ain't 'no use in nuthin'.  
[Exit L.]

MRS. WRIGHT. We will now proceed with the report of the Candy Booth, left by Miss Nervette.

Boxes of home-made candy sold, 22@50c = \$11.00

“ “ “ “ “ “ 16@25c = 4.00

Cost of sugar, nuts, raisins, etc., \$9.60, leaving a credit balance of \$5.40.

MRS. BLANQUET. I presume that doesn't include what she gave away?

MRS. BERRY. Nor what she ate herself.

MRS. DUITALL. What became of all the popcorn?

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Refers to note.*] It was sold on a percentage basis and the remainder returned. [*Examines note.*] She reports 87c credit on the popcorn.

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Comes to C.*] How could it be eighty-seven cents, when it sold for five cents apiece?

MRS. BERRY. She probably short-changed someone.

MRS. DUITALL. [*To MRS. BERRY.*] Well, I think people are fortunate if they receive any change at all at a bazaar.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Who has been looking over papers.*]

We will now [*Picking out a report*] hear the report of the Fancywork Booth, Chairman Miss Lovejoy. "Articles contributed—"

ARABELLA. [*Enters R., carrying some basket she took out, frustrated as usual.*] Mamma says she never bought all these cakes and pies.

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Goes to her and takes the basket.*] Well, I should say she didn't. Those are *my* cakes and pies.

ARABELLA. Yours? Well, why didn't you say so *before*?

MRS. DUITALL. What are *you* going to do with all those cakes and pies?

MRS. BLANQUET. I *baked* every one of them myself and I *bought* every one back myself. We, ourselves, intend to eat them. That's what people usually do with cakes and pies, I believe.

MRS. BERRY. Usually, if other people don't carry them away.

ARABELLA. Oh, really Mrs. Blanquet, I didn't eat any of them. I dropped the basket just as I got on the street car but the conductor helped me and we picked them all up, and I—

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Interrupting.*] Really, Arabella, we regret that you have had all of this extra trouble, but—

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Interrupting.*] Yes, dropping my cakes and pies on the street. Just look at them. [*puts them on counter.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. —but Mrs. Duitall will help you find your own basket now.

[*MRS. WRIGHT and MRS. DUITALL hunt for ARABELLA'S basket while MRS. BLANQUET and MRS. BERRY strike attitudes of defense in front of their booths. ARABELLA stands in center of stage glancing terrified, first at MRS. BLANQUET, then at MRS. BERRY.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. It's queer we can't find it. Peter knows where it is, perhaps. I'll ask him. [*Exit L.*]

MRS. DUITALL. Where did you see it last, Arabella?

ARABELLA. Why, why, last—last night—just as I—



oh—perhaps its—yes—now I remember. I saw it on our back porch this morning and I— [*Backs towards R. exit. Enter MRS. WRIGHT, L., followed by PETER.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. Well, you must have seen it.

PETER. Nome, I tell ye, I ain't seen it.

MRS. BLANQUET. Arabella found it.

MRS. WRIGHT. *Where?* I'm so relieved!

MRS. BERRY. On her back porch.

MRS. WRIGHT. On her back porch?

MRS. BLANQUET. Been there all night.

PETER. An' I gits de blame foh it. [*Shuffles out. Exit L.*]

ARABELLA. Yes, on our back porch. Our porch. You'll find that fifty cents in the basket. I mean— [*Exit R.*]

MRS. DUITALL. I think Arabella needs some sleep. She was out too late last night. [*Goes to piano and gets package.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. What Arabella needs is a nurse.

MRS. BERRY. That's just what I say.

MRS. WRIGHT. Ladies, we have one more report to hear before we can settle our accounts. I will now read Miss Lovejoy's report.

The following were sold:

Articles, nameless .....	55
Articles, guessed at.....	20
Articles, known .....	15
Total cash sales.....	\$45.00
Shawl, sold at auction.....	15.00
<hr/>	
Total receipts .....	\$60.00
Expenses .....	42.40
<hr/>	
Leaving a balance of.....	\$17.60

This I believe—

MRS. BLANQUET. Expenses \$42.40? Why, what for?

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Consulting report.*] She has not itemized the expenses.

MRS. BERRY. Well, that's mighty queer.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Paying no further attention.*] This I believe is the complete report from all of the booths. I'll give you the final balance as soon as I add these together. [*She retires to counter of the Candy Booth and figures with her back to audience.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. That oughtn't to take long.

MRS. BERRY. Not if she is good on subtraction.

MRS. DUITALL. [*Comes to table and starts to wrap up a package in newspaper.*] To tell you the truth, I'm sorry the bazaar is over.

MRS. BLANQUET. I'm not.

MRS. BERRY. Nor I.

MRS. BLANQUET. [*Noticing newspaper that MRS. DUITALL is using.*] Why, that's this morning's paper. Why, the idea of wrapping a package in this morning's news. [*Points to article.*] Oh, just look here. Here's something about the bazaar.

MRS. DUITALL. [*Takes the paper and reads aloud.*] "A large crowd attended the Charity Bazaar given last night at—" [*Laughs and reads to herself.*] "Great credit is due the Woman's Sewing Circle of the Benevolent Society for the Promulgation and Preservation of Discouraged Infants." [*Nods and reads to herself.*] "The beautiful duet sung by Miss Lovejoy and Miss Pushington will never be forgotten."

MRS. BLANQUET. That's true.

MRS. BERRY. I should say it wouldn't.

MRS. DUITALL. [*Reading.*] "It was necessary to respond to several encores."

MRS. BERRY. [*Interrupting.*] Never heard 'em, did you. [*MRS. BLANQUET shakes her head.*]

MRS. DUITALL. [*Reading.*] "And the original poem by Mrs. Duitall was only equaled by Longfellow's 'Hiawatha' or Tennyson's 'Princess'—" [*Self consciously, looking around.*] How lovely; who do you suppose wrote it?

MRS. BLANQUET. Yes, who?

MRS. BERRY. It wouldn't be hard to guess.

MRS. DUITALL. [*Paying no attention, reads.*] “The hall was decorated with pink roses and chrysanthemums, many palms being—”

MRS. BLANQUET. Perhaps that’s where our money went.

MRS. DUITALL. [*Reading.*] “The ladies were rewarded for their earnest labors by a substantial sum—”  
[*Turning to ladies.*] Just listen to this.

MRS. BLANQUET. } [*Together, looking over MRS. DUIT-*  
MRS. BERRY. } *ALL’S shoulder.*] What?

MRS. DUITALL. [*Pointing to place in paper.*] —“a substantial sum of five hundred dollars.”

MRS. BLANQUET. Five hundred nothing.

MRS. BERRY. That’s more like it.

MRS. DUITALL. [*Reading.*] “The ladies will give another bazaar of the same kind next year.”

MRS. BLANQUET. Not if I know myself. [*Goes to Domestic Booth and puts on her wraps.*]

MRS. BERRY. That’s exactly what I say. [*Goes to Apron Booth and puts on her wraps.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Comes down C.*] Ladies if you—

MRS. DUITALL. [*Interrupting.*] Oh, Mrs. Wright, there’s such a lovely article in the News about the bazaar. Let me read—

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Motions her away.*] I never want to see another newspaper as long as I live. Now, ladies, if you will kindly listen—I must sit down. [*Holds her head and sits.*] Oh, my head— I find the gross profits amount to \$47.07. Deducting \$13.25 for decorations and miscellaneous expenses, leaves us \$33.82 as our net profits.

MRS. DUITALL. Did you deduct the \$2 that you gave to Peter?

MRS. WRIGHT. Oh, dear, no; I forgot. [*Figures on paper.*] That makes our balance \$31.82. [*Leans her head wearily on table.*]

PETER. [*Shuffling in, L.*] Oh, I say, Mrs. Wright, I’m dat sorry, but I done fo’got about dis heah note what

was lef' heah fo' yo' dis mawnin'. Yes, sah, I clean done fo'got it. [*Exit L.*]

MRS. DUITALL. [*Takes note from PETER, blows dirt off.*] I hope it's a donation. [*Hands note to MRS. WRIGHT.*]

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Wipes her forehead wearily, opens note and reads.*] "Material and making of clown's costume, \$5. Material and making of fortune teller's costume, \$6.35." Oh, dear, this must be taken from our [*Looks at paper.*] \$31.82. Let me see—[*Figures.*—five from twelve leaves six; three from seven leaves five—

MRS. DUITALL. [*Who has been looking over her shoulder, interrupting.*] You're not figuring that correctly.

MRS. WRIGHT. [*Hands paper to MRS. DUITALL.*] I'm too tired to tell one figure from another.

MRS. DUITALL. [*After figuring.*] That leaves \$20.47.

MRS. BLANQUET. Didn't I tell you we'd be in the hole!

MRS. DUITALL. Yes, but we're not. [*Smiling.*] We made \$20.47.

[*MRS. WRIGHT takes another pill, and MRS. DUITALL goes to Lemonade Booth and puts on her wraps.*]

[*Enter PETER, L., with broom.*]

MRS. BLANQUET. Yes, and what's the result? Head-aches! Neuralgias! Strained throats! To say nothing of paralysis, fidgets and heaven knows what all. We'd just better give our five dollars and be done with it. [*Exit R.*]

MRS. BERRY. That's exactly what—those are my sentiments, too. [*Exit R.*]

PETER. [*Begins to sweep.*] Didn't I say, dis was jest a lot ob foolishness?

[*MRS. WRIGHT dejectedly buries her head in her arms on the table. MRS. DUITALL, exit R. PETER continues sweeping.*]

CURTAIN.

CURTAIN CALL. [*Dim lights.*] Mrs. Wright on stage alone, in same position as above.

CURTAIN.

# BLUNDERING BILLY

A FARCICAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By

ANTHONY E. WILLS

*Author of "Burley's Ranch," "Her Gloves," etc.*

---

PRICE, 25 CENTS

---

The reception room of "The Strathmore," a family hotel on the shores of San Francisco Bay, near Alameda, California, is the scene where the action of all three acts of this play takes place. Act I, Morning; Act II, Afternoon; Act III, Evening. Two hours are required for the presentation. The five male and three female characters are as follows:

EZRA TUTTLE, a rich mine owner.

BILLY BUTLER, always in trouble.

LIEUT. GRISWOLD, from the Presidio Reservation.

SING TOY, a servant.

HANK DIBBLE, an Old Salt.

DOROTHY TUTTLE, Ezra's daughter.

CLARISSA BURNHAM, a guest at "The Strathmore."

WOYO SAN, a Japanese girl.

A popular comedy because it is lively and funny and full of action. "Blundering Billy" has been tried and found always a "winner."

Address orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# Santiago

OR

## For the Red, White and Blue

### A War Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Price, 25 cents

#### CHARACTERS

Capt. Oscar Hutton, U. S. A. In love with Cora...Leading Juvenile  
 Lieut. Fisk, U. S. A. In love with his duty.....Juvenile bit  
 Milton Merry, U. S. N. In love with Bess.....Light Comedy  
 Lieut. Cristobal, S. A. In love with soldiering.....Straight  
 Dr. Harrison, Red Cross H. S. In love with surgery.....  
 .....Straight old man  
 Elmer Walton, banker. In love with Spanish bonds.....  
 .....Character old man  
 Phillip Basset, his stepson. In love with Ysobel.....Juvenile  
 Fernando Diaz, Walton's cashier, afterwards S. A. In love with  
 Cora ..... Heavy  
 Beverly Brown, Walton's butler, afterwards Red Cross H. S. In  
 love with chickens.....Negro Comedy  
 Cornelius Dwyer, Walton's coachman, afterwards U. S. A. In  
 love with "Naygurs".....Irish Comedy  
 Antonio Carlos, a Cuban planter. In love with Spain.....  
 .....Character old man  
 Cora Basset, Walton's stepdaughter. In love with Oscar...Juvenile  
 Bess Walton, Walton's daughter. In love with Milton.....Ingenué  
 Ysobel Carlos, Antonio's daughter. In love with Phillip....Juvenile  
 American Soldiers, American Sailors, Spanish Soldiers, Guerillas.

Actual time of playing, two hours.

#### SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The ball at Walton's, Washington, D. C. Handsome interior.

ACT II. The Red Cross Hospital. First day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.

ACT III. Scene 1.—Interior Guerilla headquarters in the Sierra Cobra, near Santiago. Scene 2.—Exterior. The underbrush of Sierra Cobra. Scene 3.—Fight in the mountain pass, second day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.

ACT IV. Hotel Tacon, Santiago, on the night of the surrender. Interior.

NOTE.—Walton, Dr. Harrison and Carlos may double easily, and the piece played with nine males, three females.

The best Cuban war play ever written. Easy to produce, but very effective. Thrilling situations, fine comedy, intense climaxes. Comic Irishman and Negro. Three magnificent female parts. Picturesque Spanish villain and heroic juvenile lead. No special scenery is required, as every regular theatre, in its ordinary equipment, has every set called for. Adapted to both professional and amateur companies.

Address Orders to  
**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# THE HEART OF A SHAMROCK

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

By

GEORGE M. ROSENER

---

PRICE, 25 CENTS

---

Acts I, II and III all have the same scene, the Sitting Room in Father O'Neil's home, and the action occurs in the evening at about 7 o'clock, at about 11 o'clock, and again one hour later. The time is the present at Wild Cat, Colorado. The Cast of Characters includes Father O'Neil, the pastor; Bob, the sheriff; his brother, "The Shamrock"; Laddie, the youngest brother; Grizzly Adams, a cattleman; May, an Irish rose; Mrs. Donovan, the housekeeper; Joan, a ranchman's daughter, and Gad, a city waif. This part may be played either as a boy or a girl.

This play was published two years ago and has met with great success wherever produced, by both professionals and amateurs. It is easily put on and "acts itself." A fine money-making entertainment.

Address orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# The Spinsters' Convention

## (The Original Old Maids' Convention)

---

Price, 25 cents

---

An evening's entertainment which is always a sure hit and a money-maker. Has been given many hundred times by schools, societies and churches, with the greatest success. An evening of refined fun. It requires from twelve to twenty ladies and two gentlemen, although ladies may take the two male parts. A raised platform with curtains at the back is all the stage requires, but a fully equipped opera stage may be utilized and to great advantage.

Ridiculous old maid costumes, with all their frills and furbelows, their cork-screw curls, mittens, work bags, bird cages, etc., are the proper costumes. Later on in the program some pretty young women in modern evening dress are required. The latter should each be able to give a number of a miscellaneous program, that is, be able to sing, play some instrument, dance, whistle or recite well.

This entertainment utilizes all sorts of talent, and gives each participant a good part. Large societies can give every member something to do.

### SYNOPSIS

Gathering of the Members of the Society—The Roll-Call—The Greeting Song—Minutes of the last meeting—Report of The Treasurer—Music: "Sack Waltz"—A paper on Woman's Rights—Song: "No One to Love, None to Caress."—Reading of "Marriage Statistics"—The Advent of the Mouse—Initiation of two Candidates into the Society—The Psalm of Marriage—Secretary's Report on Eligible Men—A Petition to Congress—Original Poem by Betsy Bobbett—Song: "Why Don't the Men Propose?"—Report of The Vigilance Committee—An Appeal to the Bachelors—Prof. Make-over—The Remodelscope.—Testimonials—The Transformation and a miscellaneous program.

Address Orders to  
**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



# Capt. Racket

## A Comedy in Three Acts

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

---

Price, 25 cents

---

This play by Mr. Townsend is probably one of his most popular productions; it certainly is one of his best. It is full of action from start to finish. Comic situations rapidly follow one after another, and the act endings are especially strong and lively. Every character is good and affords abundant opportunity for effective work. Can be played by five men and three women, if desired. The same scene is used for all the acts, and it is an easy interior. A most excellent play for repertoire companies. No seeker for a good play can afford to ignore it.

### CHARACTERS

**CAPT. ROBERT RACKET**, one of the National Guard. A lawyer when he has nothing else to do, and a liar all the time.....Comedy lead

**OBADIAH DAWSON**, his uncle, from Japan, "where they make tea".....Comedy old man

**TIMOTHY TOLMAN**, his friend, who married for money, and is sorry for it.....Juvenile man

**MR. DALROY**, his father-in-law, jolly old cove... ..Eccentric

**HOBSON**, waiter from the "Cafe Gloriana," who adds to the confusion .....Utility

**CLARICE**, the Captain's pretty wife, out for a lark, and up to "anything awful".....Comedy lead

**MRS. TOLMAN**, a lady with a temper, who finds her Timothy a vexation of spirit.....Old woman

**KATY**, a mischievous maid.....Soubrette

**TOOTSIE**, the "Kid," Tim's olive branch.....Props.

### SYNOPSIS

**Act I. Place:** Tim's country home on the Hudson near New York. **Time:** A breezy morning in September. The Captain's fancy takes a flight and trouble begins.

**Act II. Place:** the same. **Time:** the next morning. How one yarn requires another. "The greatest liar unhung." Now the trouble increases and the Captain prepares for war.

**Act III. Place:** the same. **Time:** Evening of the same day. More misery. A general muddle. "Dance or you'll die." Cornered at last. The Captain owns up. All serene.

**Time of playing:** Two hours.

Address Orders to  
**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# The Outcast's Daughter A Drama in Four Acts

By MARION EDDY      PRICE, 25 CENTS

Ten male, five female and one child characters. Plays two and one-half hours. Modern costumes. Three interior, one exterior scenes, all easily arranged where there is any scenery at hand. No stronger melodrama has been given the play-loving public. Full of the strongest appealing heart interest, intense, pathetic, real life, where joy and laughter are mingled with pathos and suffering, but all ending happily. A melodrama without a villain or the use of firearms. Amateurs may play it successfully, it plays itself, and it is adapted to strong repertoire companies.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Carl Faber.....	An ex-convict
Howard Ross.....	A manufacturer
Dennis Hogan.....	Servant to Ross
Abel .....	Gardener to Ross
Judge Havens.....	Of the police court
Recorder .....	Of the police court
Lettner .....	Clerk of police court
Second Court Clerk.....	Clerk of police court
Two policemen .....	
Little Hugo.....	Agatha's child
Agatha Steme .....	Ross' bookkeeper
Ida Rheinhold.....	A retired singer
Mrs. Wilmuth.....	A washerwoman
Katie .....	Factory girl
Frances .....	Factory girl

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

**Act 1.** Ross' private office. "What has given me the honor of this visit?" "I will never sing again. My life has been a sad failure." "Good God! My mother!" "I have done wrong, I confess, but when a mother asks, a child must forgive. Oh, Mr. Ross, help me." "You, my rich and famous mother, to you I was nothing, and you—you are nothing—nothing to me." "Agatha! Agatha! My child! My child!"

**Act 2.** Agatha's attic. "My poor father. So young and strong. How I could have loved him." "Yes, Katie is right, I have nothing but bread for my sweet child." "Madam, I would lie if I say she was anything but a lady." "On the other side, towards the garden, there are a few rooms I have never used. If you will take them—" "You do not look like a man who could commit murder. How was it?" "I was a weak man and many misfortunes made me desperate." "My picture! I must be mad." "You are good, child, but you shall not call me father." "Father! Father!"

**Act 3.** Ross' Garden. "He is so good to me, but I cannot forget my poor unhappy father." "The picture was taken when I was young. He shall have it." "Stay here and be my wife." "That suspicious old man is in the garden." "For her I sacrificed everything." "Do you want to go to prison again?" "My father needs me to defend and comfort him."

**Act 4.** A Police Court. "Do not ask me, your honor—I am an ex-convict." "Your silence will not help you." "It was dark und Mrs. Steme was that scared she was faint." "I hope, sor, yer honor believes in a future life, sor." "He wished to see his child; I am his child." "Grandfather, we love you." "I am his wife. Do not condemn him."

Address Orders to

**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

# Practical Instructions for Private Theatricals

By W. D. EMERSON

author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival,"  
"Humble Pie," etc.

---

Price. 25 cents

---

Here 's a practical hand-book, describing in detail all the accessories, properties, scenes and apparatus necessary for an amateur production. In addition to the descriptions in words, everything is clearly shown in the numerous pictures, more than one hundred being inserted in the book. No such useful book has ever been offered to the amateur players of any country.

## CONTENTS

Chapter I. Introductory Remarks.

Chapter II. Stage, How to Make, etc. In drawing-rooms or parlors, with sliding or hinged doors. In a single large room. The Curtain; how to attach it, and raise it, etc.

Chapter III. Arrangement of Scenery. How to hang it. Drapery, tormentors, wings, borders, drops.

Chapter IV. Box Scenes. Center door pieces, plain wings, door wings, return pieces, etc.

Chapter V. How to Light the Stage. Oil, gas and electric light. Footlights, Sidelights, Reflectors. How to darken the stage, etc.

Chapter VI. Stage Effects. Wind, Rain, Thunder, Breaking Glass, Falling Buildings, Snow, Water, Waves, Cascades, Passing Trains, Lightning, Chimes, Sound of Horses' Hoofs, Shots.

Chapter VII. Scene Painting.

Chapter VIII. A Word to the Property Man.

Chapter IX. To the Stage Manager.

Chapter X. The Business Manager.

Address Orders to  
**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



0 014 211 946 8

## And Entertainment Books.

**B**EING the largest theatrical booksellers in the United States, we keep in stock the most complete and best assorted lines of plays and entertainment books to be found anywhere.

We can supply any play or book published. We have issued a catalogue of the best plays and entertainment books published in America and England. It contains a full description of each play, giving number of characters, time of playing, scenery, costumes, etc. This catalogue will be sent free on application.

The plays described are suitable for amateurs and professionals, and nearly all of them may be played free of royalty. Persons interested in dramatic books should examine our catalogue before ordering elsewhere.

We also carry a full line of grease paints, face powders, hair goods, and other "make-up" materials.

**The Dramatic Publishing Company**  
**CHICAGO**